THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, December 1, 1806.

MEMOIRS *of the late* LORD THURLOW.

THIS nobleman was indebted for his rise to the law, a profession for which he appears to have been peculiarly qualified, both by nature and habit. The study and the practice of it obtained for him, both wealth and honours; rendered him for a time the first lay subject in the kingdom, not of blood royal, and enabled him to become the founder of a family, of which his nephew is now the representative.

Edward Lord Thurlow was the son of the Rev. Thomas Thurlow, rector of Ashfield, in Suffolk. The family does not appear, before him, to have received any illustration whatever, and as there were several children, and but a small living, it appears probable that the father was not in very affluent circumstances; notwithstanding which he found means to send two of his children to the university.

The subject of the present memoir, born in 1735, was educated under the auspices of this parent, and at a proper age sent to Caius College, Cambridge, where he was confided to the inspection of Dr. Smith, the late master, who lived to see his pupil attain the highest honours in the state; for he did not relinquish that situation until 1803, when he was succeeded by Martin Davy, M. D. F. R. and A. SS.

As the errors of great men are never forgotten, but, on the contrary, are carefully husbanded and recapitulated by those of inferior abilities, for the express purpose of palliating their own misconduct; so it is a well-known fact, that Mr. Thurlow became at length remarkable for his eccentricities at the university. In fine, his sins of omission and of commission, if we are to give credit to common report, were so conspicuous, as to call aloud for example; and accordingly, having the fear of rusti-

cation before his eyes, he found it convenient to retire voluntarily from the banks of the Cam to those of the Thames.

This circumstance prevented him from participating in any of the honours of his college. We accordingly find, that he neither obtained the degree of B. A. or M. A. The latter would have shortened the period of his legal studies, and one of the twenty-nine fellowships of Caius might have proved desirable, while one of the four studentships appropriated to law would have been in exact conformity to his views in life.

Mr. Thurlow, on throwing off the academic gown, entered himself of the society of the Inner Temple, and assumed that of a student of law, about the year 1753. In this new situation he appears to have kept his terms, and to have eat his commons, to have been called to the bar, and to have paid his fees in exact conformity to ancient usage, in 1758. He was now, according to the phraseology of the courts, *apprenticus ad legem*, and if we are to believe the reports of his contemporaries, like many other apprentices, he at times played truant.

We doubt not, however, that he addicted himself by starts to professional studies, and it appears evident that a strong and vigorous mind like his was enabled, even by occasional application, to attain a thorough knowledge of the fundamental principles of our municipal laws. To achieve this, an acquaintance with Coke and Littleton, and the ancient writers, will not alone suffice, for other aids are required; and it is accordingly necessary to become minutely acquainted with the history of public events, as well as to be versed in every thing respecting those changes which have happily rendered our present constitution what it now is, even with all its abuses, the wonder of other countries, and the glory of our own.

Having attained the degree of utter barrister, as by that time he was twenty-three years of age, it may be supposed by those who have witnessed the latter part of his career, that Mr. Thurlow must have soon distinguished himself both as a lawyer and an orator. But, on the contrary, he remained during a long period in obscurity, and seemed to be consigned to pass silently down the stream of oblivion with the bulk of mankind, when he was happily rescued from the reproach of mediocrity, both in respect to talents and practice, by the lucky coincidence of one or two fortunate events.

Sir Fletcher Norton, afterwards Lord Grantley, at this period was the most prominent lawyer at the English bar. As his old antagonist, Serjeant Davy, was no more, and Mr. Dunning (created in due time Lord Ashburton) had scarcely yet disclosed those great talents which at length placed him at the top of the profession, it was difficult, in the language of the day, to *pit* any one against him. Thurlow, who was better known at this period at Nando's than at Westminster Hall,

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had, however, found means to distinguish himself among his friends; and as his figure, his voice, and his manner, were known to be efficient, it was at last determined by a resolute attorney to entrust the conduct of an important cause to his care.

It was on this occasion, which probably proved decisive of his fate, that he entered the lists with a veteran, who had hitherto been considered as the boldest practitioner at the English bar, and came off victorious; for having given cut for cut, and blow for blow, he gained the battle, to the great joy of the bar, and of the bench too, perhaps, neither of which was displeased to behold a junior member contending for, and obtaining the well-merited applause of the public, by defeating a champion of such renown.

The Douglas cause, on which occasion Mr. Thurlow happened to be on the fortunate side, opened a still wider field for his talents and abilities. He had then to contend in a great and popular cause, in behalf of the claims of a minor, in opposition to one of the most illustrious families in North Britain, and he acquitted himself in such a manner as to enhance his reputation in no common degree. He deemed it necessary, however, in vindicating the legitimate pretensions of his noble client to attack a gentleman*, engaged on the other side, with some degree of asperity, and a challenge, followed by a meeting in the field, was the consequence.

The reputation of Mr. Thurlow was thus raised suddenly, and not by slow degrees; yet his practice was not, at that or any other time, considerable; and he would never have attained, perhaps, the honours that now awaited him, but for the political influence of the Bedford party, then paramount to all other interests.

He had just received a silk gown, when he obtained the favour of Lord Weymouth, who then occupied the important station of secretary of state. In consequence of the patronage of that nobleman, with whom he spent many a social hour, Mr. Thurlow, in March, 1770, became invested with the office of solicitor-general, in the place of John Dunning, esq. and

* The person in question was the late Andrew Stuart, esq. a descendant from a very ancient family in North Britain, and who, on the demise of the late pretender, considered himself as the representative of that illustrious family, which had given so many kings to Scotland and England. He had been, we believe, what in the Scotch law is called one of the tutors and curators, or, in other words, guardian to the duke of Hamilton, and, as such, took an active part in the Douglas cause. In addition to a challenge to Mr. Thurlow, he addressed a series of letters to Lord Mansfield, who was also supposed to have treated him cavalierly on the same occasion.

in January, 1771, he succeeded William De Grey, esq. afterwards created Lord Walsingham, as attorney-general.

The Bedford or Bloomsbury party at this period supported the government, or rather the minister for the time being, with all their weight; and Mr. Thurlow, now become member for Tamworth, also thought proper to advocate his measures. What those measures were we are but too well acquainted with, for the premier, or rather those who composed the interior cabinet, had conceived the unconstitutional idea of taxing unrepresented America; and when they found this was not to be attempted with impunity, they determined on the impolitic project of effecting it by force. Mr. Thurlow, now in possession of the richly-fringed gown of an attorney-general, and already looking up to the soft and downy cushion of the woolsack, of course formed one of the majority upon this occasion.

(To be continued.)

GONZALVO *and* FIAMETTA.

A Murderer, named Lantolf, having escaped the hands of justice, did not think himself secure from pursuit, but embarked for the island of Zealand. Fearful of discovery, he remained but a few hours at Copenhagen, and immediately set out for the most uninhabitable and barren parts of that cold and dreary island. Not far from the bay of C———, in the north-west part of the island, he met an officer and a few soldiers, who were travelling to try to persuade the indigent inhabitants of those parts to inlist in their regiment. Lantolf was delighted: he thought he could no where be so secure as in the army, and he immediately offered himself to the officer. He was a remarkable fine and active young man, and was, of course, eagerly accepted. He attended the recruiting party in various excursions, and at last they set out for the small fortified place called E———g: there a detachment of 250 men was stationed. Lantolf, who was a great favourite with the officers, from his rapid proficiency in the use of arms, was left at the garrison: he had not been there five weeks, when the following awful adventure inflicted on him the tremendous punishment of his crimes:

Near the fortifications, and not far distant from the town, stood an antique and half demolished tower, which, according to tradition, was haunted by the spirit of a female, who was, many centuries ago, murdered in its vicinity. It was said to appear as the clock struck twelve, accompanied by distant and melancholy music. The centinels who had, at various times, been placed at that post declared they had all seen it, but had never dared to speak to it. Lantolf's turn soon came to mount guard: he was very courageous,

courageous, and believed the report to arise from superstition, or the wish of frightening the young recruits. He awaited the solemn hour of midnight with fortitude, persuaded the whole story was a mere fabrication. The clock struck twelve! when he suddenly distinguished sad and mournful sounds: they seemed to issue from the ruined tower. Soon after a tall female figure, wrapped in a long white robe, came from the ruin, and slowly approached him, with a solemn measured step! her hair flowing loosely, almost touched the ground; in her right hand she held a handkerchief, stained with blood, and in her left she grasped a dagger! She stooped before Lantolf; and heaving a deep sigh, fixed her dead and sunken eye upon his face, and with a look that petrified him with horror. "God send thee peace!" exclaimed the trembling Lantolf. The spirit answered, in a solemn and death-like tone, "Thou canst procure peace to my wandering spirit! give me three drops of thy blood, and I shall rest quiet in my grave!" "Take them!" answered the youth. "But canst thou answer for thy courage?" returned the spirit: "I must take the three drops by giving thee three stabs near thy hear; but if one sigh or a single groan escape thee, I shall suffer still greater torments than I have yet endured!" "Fear not," said Lantolf; "I shall neither stir nor utter a word." He bared his breast; and the spirit, lifting the dagger, struck him once, saying, "This for my first husband!" Lantolf bore it calmly. "This for my second!" continued the apparition, striking another blow, which he bore with less tranquillity than the first. "This for me!" exclaimed the spirit, in a loud and appalling voice, and at the same time lifting her long skeleton arm high, she struck him with such violence, that unable to bear the pain he cried out with agony. "Wretch!" exclaimed the spirit, "thou hast not kept thy promise; thou hast not fulfilled thy word! thou hast, by thy cowardice, doomed me to increased torments! Seest thou those three young elms, which are scarcely as big as thy finger? I cannot be at peace until a male child, who will sleep in a cradle made out of the wood of those trees, has attained manhood, and will deliver me! Were it in my power I would destroy thee, faint-hearted coward!" As the spirit pronounced the last words it struck the affrighted Lantolf to the ground, where he was found senseless: when he came to himself he related the foregoing story to his fellow-soldiers, who surrounded the three young elms with a hedge, and took great care of them. Lantolf never recovered from the fright he experienced during that dreadful night; and his terror at being obliged once more to encounter the dreaded spirit, made him put an end to his existence four days before his turn came to mount guard near the desolate tower.

A few years after a manuscript was found, which contains the origin of this singular event, and is as follows:

Under the reign of Frederick II. emperor of Germany, his subjects all united, and headed by the most renowned knights, resolved to perform a crusade into Palestine. Gonzalvo, a young and noble knight, whose whole inheritance were his armour and his sword, took the oath of fidelity to the standard of Bishop Conrad, and departed for Rome, the rendezvous of all the crusaders: he was among the few who embarked at Brindisi, and landed safely in Palestine.

Gonzalvo, by his bravery, contributed greatly to the taking of the town of Joppa, and on that account acquired a rich booty. He afterwards surprised and conquered a number of Turks, in whose tents he found chained a beautiful female, whom they had taken prisoner: Gonzalvo, who, like the gallant knights of that age, was ever ready to relieve beauty in distress, instantly liberated the lovely prisoner, who said that she was descended from a noble family in Italy, and that her name was Fiametta Lipari: she added, that the Turks having attacked her father's castle, which stood near the sea, they took it, and having put every one found in arms to death, they forcibly carried her to their ships, with an intention of selling her for the seraglio of the grand signior. "Thanks to your valour, noble knight," said the beauteous Fiametta; "I am rescued from slavery, but I am here without relatives or friends, and in a foreign land, without a protector to preserve me from insult: make your work compleat, noble knight, and conduct me back to my native land."

Gonzalvo could not as a knight refuse her demand: he promised to grant her request, and accordingly mounted her upon his courser, and holding the bridle, walked by her side. When the sun began to ascend from the bosom of the waves, Gonzalvo gazed with rapture on his lovely companion: her long black hair fell profusely over the horse's mane; her large expressive eyes were cast upon Gonzalvo with a look in which gratitude and admiration were blended. After travelling many days, Gonzalvo at length arrived, with his lovely charge, at the place of her birth, and delivered her to an old aunt, her only surviving relative.

Gonzalvo quitted Fiametta, but his whole soul was absorbed in his love, and he sought to signalize himself, to render himself worthy her affection: he performed several immortalizing exploits, but in one of them he was dangerously wounded by his adversary in a single combat, notwithstanding which he conquered his foe. Fiametta, on being informed of it, insisted on his being brought to her castle, where she attended him herself with the most affectionate care, until he was perfectly recovered.

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Soon after his recovery, the emperor, excommunicated and persecuted by the pope, made peace with the grand signior: Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Nazareth, were surrendered to the Christians; and the crusaders embarked to return into Germany.

Gonzalvo heard this news with transport, and imparted it to Fiametta. "Noble lady," said he to her, "I am going back to Germany, and then I shall go to Denmark, my father's native land, and live upon the small but independent fortune which I have acquired: without you, beauteous Fiametta, my existence will be miserable. Ah! if you could forget the smiling landscapes and azure sky of Italy, to follow me into a land where we could live in ease and affluence, although deprived of the most luxuriant scenes of nature, O Fiametta! my whole life would be dedicated to your happiness." Fiametta blushed, and held out her hand, which Gonzalo snatched, and pressed with rapture to his bosom. Fiametta was impelled by her admiration of his valour, not by love: her soul was filled with gratitude to the brave knight, who had so generously delivered her from slavery. She became his; and intoxicated with his happiness, he reached, with his bride, the borders of E———g. On its banks stood a venerable castle, which he purchased of an aged knight, who was going on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. At that early period dark forests shaded the banks of E———g; here and there the gloomy turrets of an antique castle towered among the gloomy oaks, which had for ages been unvisited by the foot of man.

Gonzalvo's castle stood on a high rock, strongly fortified on every side by nature; it was defended by 60 of his domestics, all well armed. Fiametta became fond of the rude scenery which surrounded her; and she soon accustomed herself to the manners of the country, although they were so different to her own; she felt gratitude and friendship to her husband, and hoped that in time these would be changed into a warmer sentiment. Gonzalvo loved his wife tenderly, and his affection for her increased daily, notwithstanding which he could not conquer his love for arms: he would frequently, with some of his men, attack the band of robbers who infested that part of the country, robbing the provisions and wine destined for the use of the priests, and sometimes even the children of the inhabitants were carried away by them.

Gonzalvo always returned from these excursions victorious; and although Fiametta endeavoured strongly to persuade him to relinquish these dangerous excursions, he could not withstand the entreaties of his neighbours, who regarded him as their only protector against the repeated attacks of the banditti. Gonzalvo, therefore, continued to annoy them almost daily, which so exasperated these villains, that they united, to the

the number of 300, with the determination of revenging themselves upon Gonzalvo, by destroying and pillaging his castle. The beauteous Fiametta had made him the happy father of a lovely infant; and while he was celebrating the event, he was suddenly informed that a large number of armed men were marching towards his castle, seemingly with the intention of attacking it. He immediately ascended the watch-tower: having observed their number, he knew it was impossible to defend his castle against so numerous a band. He ordered all the entrances to be secured, placed all his men on the battlements, and vaulting on his courser, he instantly left his castle by a private passage, and set off at full gallop to the castle of the Count Ernolfo, a powerful nobleman, whose castle stood at a small distance: "I have frequently," said Gonzalvo to the count, "defended the property of your vassals from being pillaged by the banditti; be in your turn my defender: a numerous band of robbers are coming to attack my castle, and will inevitably destroy it unless you afford me your assistance." The Count Ernolfo granted his request, and immediately assembled his vassals, and furnished them with arms. They surprised the banditti during the night, entirely defeated them, and put them to flight.

In the morning the victory was proclaimed by the sound of trumpets, and soon after the victorious Count Ernolfo made a triumphal entry into Gonzalvo's castle, where he was received with the most lively demonstrations of joy. The beauteous Fiametta prepared a splendid entertainment in honour of her noble visitor; she handed him a goblet of wine, and he gazed with wonder and rapture on the lovely cup-bearer: from that moment he forgot every thing except her, and disregarded all the honours which every one vied to render him.

(To be continued.)

ACCOUNT *of* ADRIAN *and* ORRILLA.

A New play, called "Adrian and Orrilla, or a Mother's Vengeance," has been exhibited at Covent Garden Theatre. It is the avowed production of Mr. Dimond, junior.

Dramatis Personæ.

Prince of Altenberg,.....Mr. Cooke.
Count of Rosenheim, ...Mr. Munden.
Adrian, ...Mr. C. Kemble.
Michael,.....Mr. Liston.
Friedbert, ...Mr. Denman.
Anselm, ...Mr. Waddy.

Leopold

Leopold, ... Mr. Chapman.
Haufroy (a minstrel), ... Mr. Bellamy.
Lothaire (a page), ... Mrs. C. Kemble.
Orrilla of Rosenheim, ... Miss Brunton.
Matilda of Clermont, ... Miss Smith.
Githa, ... Mrs. Mattocks.
Minna, ... Miss Tyrer.
Louitgarde, ... Mrs. Smith.
Ida, ... Miss Waddy,

Orrilla, the daughter of Count Rosenheim, who is brought up in a retired manner, and Adrian, the supposed son of Matilda of Clermont, who lives almost in a state of seclusion, become enamoured of each other. Count Rosenheim, however. has destined his daughter to be the wife of the prince of Altenberg, who comes to sue for her hand. On the arrival of Altenberg, Matilda hearing of Adrian's affection for Orrilla, insists on his immediately flying with her from Saxony. The prince of Altenberg about this time falls into imminent danger, in consequence of his horse running away with him in a fright, and his life is saved by the timely interference of Adrian. The prince offers every reward in his power to his deliverer, who, viewing him as his rival, refuses all. An interview between Adrian and Orrilla takes place, which ends with her elopement with her lover. They are taken, and Adrian is ordered by Count Rosenheim to be subjected to Saxon laws, for stealing an heiress; the punishment was death. Madame Clermont, hearing of the situation of Adrian, hastens to the castle, gets admission to the count's presence, and in vain pleads for her son. Hearing the voice of Altenburgh, she hides her face with her veil. The prince enters, leading in Adrian, his deliverer, whose pardon he obtains. Madame Clermont kneels to the prince, unveils, and produces the discovery that the countess (hitherto veiled) is a lady of the name of Karlstein, originally seduced by the prince, by whom he had a son, and since living in retirement. Altenberg supposes this to be his son, but this the countess denies, and she unravels the mystery, by informing him of the death of that son, and the "mother's revenge" afterwards taken by her, in going to the castle of Altenberg subsequently to the prince's marriage, and there seizing upon, and carrying off the legitimate son of the prince, whom she carried to the banks of the Elbe, and threw his mantle into the river, but was restrained from the commission of that crime, and brought up the child as her own. This child was Adrian. Altenberg then promises to make her every reparation as her husband; Adrian is united to Orrilla, and the piece concludes. The rustic scenes and the musical part of the performance seem to have little to do with the story.

This performance, it may be perceived, must be called, according to the present fashionable term, a melo-drama. Legitimate comedy and tragedy are both alike exploded. Of its merits it is not in our power to speak very favourably. With but moderate pretensions to either wit or humour, the dialogue is drawn out to a length sometimes insufferably tedious; and in the more pathetic scenes there is too great a tendency to sentimental declamation. The morality is of the true German school, and the impiety of the frequent appeals to Heaven, is shocking to every mind which possesses any reverence for the Deity.

There are some scenes, however, in which the performers were enabled to exert themselves with considerable effect: and Cooke, Munden, Mr. and Mrs. C. Kemble, and Miss Smith, the latter particularly, distinguished themselves. The greatest indulgence was shewn by a very crowded house; and with considerable curtailments, the piece may have a tolerably successful career.

Mr. Skeffington's prologue, not very good in itself, was completely spoilt by the incorrectness of Mr. Brunton's delivery. The epilogue, by Mr. Walsh Porter, spoken by Mrs. Mattocks and Miss Brunton, having some smart allusions to the election contests, was greatly applauded.

Account of the Repository, or Charitable Institution at Hull.

THE ladies of Hull, have recently established in that town, a Repository, or Charitable Institution, intended principally for the benefit of young persons, the daughters of decent parents, who though not absolutely under the necessity of earning their bread by their labour, may be desirous of contributing to their own maintenance, by the commendable exercise and application of their talents and acquirements.

The outlines of the plan are as follow: a room is to be provided in a suitable situation for the reception of articles for sale, consisting of pieces of needle work, drawings, &c. where these may be disposed of, for the advantages of the sender, subject however, to a small deduction for the support of the institution. A steady creditable woman to be engaged, who is to have the charge of the place and property. A person to keep the accounts of goods received, and sold. A committee to be appointed of ladies, who are patronizers of the institution, whose office it will be to inspect the accounts at certain periods, and to fix the price of the articles. The advantages of this institution are,

First, That it will afford constant employment to young women, who wish to be usefully occupied, but who, for want of

of opportunity in some instances, and in others, from excess of delicacy, are prevented from maintaining themselves by their industry.

Secondly, That it will enable young ladies who do not require to be paid the produce of their work in money, to apply their taste and accomplishments to the most laudable of purposes—charity.

Thirdly, But the peculiar advantage of this institution, above others, is, that when once established, it will be competent by its own operation to produce a fund more than sufficient for its own expences, and consequently that it will open the means of usefulness through other channels.

In all places where institutions of this kind have been set on foot, they have flourished with astonishing success. In Bath, Bristol, Liverpool, and Manchester, a profit is made of some hundred of pounds annually: and there is no reason to apprehend that one in that town would not proportionally succeed. The sum requisite for its establishment at first, is extremely small, and no further contribution is afterwards necessary for it's continuance. The experiment made last year by some ingenious and benevolent young ladies in this way, for the relief of a few poor families, is sufficient to shew that the plan only requires to be made generally known, to be generally approved of and made useful. And from the specimens of workmanship when exhibited, it may be abundantly inferred, that taste is not extinct in the town of Hull, but that it waits only for due encouragement to display itself.

An ANECDOTE.

DURING one of those unpleasant periods of Goldsmith's life at which he found it inconvenient to walk the public streets, he hired a hackney coach to convey him to a tavern fixed on for a meeting with Johnson, and other literary friends. With many apprehensions as to who might be passing at the time, he slipped the fare into his coachman's hands, and hurried to his friends, where wine and wit soon drove every fear and every care from our poet's recollection. But the man who had driven him to the place of rendezvous had not yet done with him. Approaching the party, with many bows, and much civility, he accosted Goldsmith, saying, "You made a little mistake, Sir, in paying the fare to me this evening: my fare was a shilling, but on examining my pocket I find that you must have given me a guinea!" The pocket of a poet seldom contains so much cash that a guinea can be absent without the owner's knowledge; and Goldsmith, on surveying his purse, found the treasure indeed gone. But what words

were sufficient for the integrity of the coachman! Nor prose nor poetry could be exalted enough for the occasion; and so a subscription was made on the instant, and with a feeling eulogium presented the honest man, in the shape of some five or six half-crown pieces. "By my troth!" said the poet, "never did human nature wear a more attractive smile than at this minute! I will immortalise this honest fellow in the novel on which I am now employed." "You will act correctly, Sir," exclaimed Johnson, "in so doing. Virtue is never duly praised 'till it is held up to the imitation of the world. Close by that niche in which I hsve enshrined the gaoler, whose sensibility sympathised with my poor friend Savage, place the statue of this driver of horses: and let the world venerate the honour of a coachman!" Not one of the party but contributed his mite of commendation; and for the time it seemed as if vice were banished from the human breast, and those moralists entirely mistaken who suppose the uninformed mind perpetually liable to deviation. But that moment of dreadful notoriety—the moment in which the bill must be paid—at length arrived; and our literary and sagacious associates were exposed to the mortification of finding that the greatest poets and philosophers are not equal, in the common interchanges of profit and loss, to the mechanic, whose mind they presume so carefully to analyse. This honest, this exemplary coachman, not content with receiving a guinea where a shilling only was due, actually substituted a counterfeit of no value for the genuine coin he had received, and successfully endeavoured (for he dealt with poets) to receive the reward of honesty, while committing an act of reiterated fraud and duplicity.

SKETCH *of the* GIRONDISTS.

[From Rivington's Annual Register for 1793.]

FROM this moment the reign of the Girondists was at an end. Imprisoned, fugitive, proscribed, or awed into silence, they no longer even existed as a party. Some the scaffold awaited; some a death still more horrible; and those who were permitted to retain their seats in the convention were compelled to purchase a precarious and degrading safety, by submitting to daily insult, and by lending their sanction to measures calculated to perpetuate their own humiliation, and the supremacy of their enemies. Yet, neither for those who died, nor for those who survived to suffer the continued agony of disappointed ambition, and compelled obedience to those they hated, can any pity be felt by a virtuous and reflecting mind. They were the artificers of their own ruin, and

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their fate affords a striking and beautiful example of the retributive justice of Heaven. The weapon which they had forged for the destruction of their sovereign was buried in their own bosoms. The punishment too followed close on the heels of the crime. This important confession escaped, in bitterness of soul, from Madame Roland, when, after the defeat of her faction, she met Madame Petion in prison: "I little thought," said she, "when I was sharing your uneasiness at the mayoralty-house on the 10th of August, that we should keep our sad anniversary at St. Pelagie, and that the fall of the throne would lead to our disgrace."

Born in obscurity, or at best in a state of mediocrity, but thirsting for the possession of power, which they were hopeless of acquiring by any legitimate mode, the Girondists, in the pursuit of their object, had spurned at every impediment, human and divine. The means they had uniformly considered as sanctified by the end. To accomplish their plans, they had not hesitated, for a single instant, in allying themselves with the most detestable characters; applauding and protecting enormities at which humanity shudders; establishing a system of calumny more cruel than the sword; releasing the multitude from all the ties of moral obligation; inuring it to plunder, riot, and blood; and finally, in plunging their own and the surrounding countries into all the horrors of a war, more malignant in its nature, and more dreadful in its consequences, than any which had ever been waged in former times.

Arrived at the summit of their wishes, they fondly flattered themselves that they should be able to retain a firm hold of their ill-gotten authority, and to "wield at will that fierce democracy" which they had stimulated into madness, and which they had taught to consider insurrection and murder as among the necessaries of life. They imagined, that their work being done, they might break the instruments which they had employed. In this, however, fortunately for mankind, they were deceived. Peace, order, and obedience, became their constant themes, but from such teachers they were not likely to be heard with reverence. The mob of Paris, which had been taught to rebel against the descendant of a long line of monarchs, could not easily conceive why it should swear fealty and homage to M. M. Brissot, Roland, Petion, and their colleagues. These new missionaries of tranquillity were accordingly looked upon by the populace as betrayers of the cause of confusion and treason. The character which the Girondists had abandoned was instantly seized, or rather succeeded to by the Jacobins, who, while they furiously combated their predecessors, copied the arts of those predecessors with an almost slavish exactness. The same unprincipled appeals to the worst passions of the crowd, the same indulgence for acts reprobated

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by the laws, the same miserable pretexts, and the same calumnious reports and insinuations, which had been used by the Girondists, to destroy the monarchical government, were employed by the Jacobins for the destruction of the Girondists. The success in both cases was equally complete.

Yet holding, as they at one time did, all the force of the state, the Girondists, had they conducted their affairs with but a moderate degree of wisdom, might at least have kept the victory longer in suspence, if not have triumphed over their adversaries. But their policy was as despicable as their conduct was criminal. Confident in their own talents, and unwisely scorning those which were opposed to them; proud of their eloquence, but neglecting to employ it in season; displaying none of that foresight and steady vigour which astonishes and overawes; acting with no concert among themselves, and no regular plan; blending temerity with cowardice, and sometimes rashly advancing only to shew their weakness by a trembling retreat; they were, as we have seen, after a short struggle, overborne by the superior ascendant which, partly from consistency of principle, and still more from constant, unanimous, and well-directed exertion, was obtained by their brothers in iniquity. Their downfall affords a terrible lesson to visionary theorists, and desperate adventurers, to beware how they break with sacrilegious hands all those bonds by which the fabric of civil society is held together. Their lives were disastrous to the human race; their deaths may, perhaps, if rightly contemplated, do it a serious and lasting service.

On the PHENOMENON *of* METEORIC STONES.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine,

SIR,

NOTHING has so much perplexed the naturalist as the phenomenon of meteoric stones. Every theory of their origin is at best improbable, and we have only to chuse that which is the least so. The explication of M. Izarn, that these stones are formed in the atmosphere, though the most absurd of all opinions, is not, however new. Dr. Wallace, in his "Account of the Islands of Orkney," London, 1700, has the following passage, which, no doubt, refers to a meteoric stone:

"The air and clouds here, by the operation of the sun, do sometimes generate several things; as some years since, some fishermen fishing half a league from land, over against Copinsha, in a fair day, there fell down from the air a stone about the bigness of a foot-ball, which fell in the middle of the boat, and sprung a leak, to the great danger of the lives of the men

that were in it, which could be no other than some substance generated in the clouds. The stone was like condensed or petrified clay, and was a long time in the custody of Captain Andrew Dick, at that time steward of the country; and Captain Dick, who is yet alive, told me he gave it to the late earl of Glencairn."—Pages 3 and 4.

The original M. S. of Wallace's Account of Orkney (now before me) is dated in 1684, and there is this variation in it from the above quotation, "The air and clouds here, by the operation of the sun, doe sometym generat severall things, e. g. *about eight or nyn years agoe*, some fishermen," &c.

This stone, therefore, fell in 1675 or 1676. But the usual explosion and light of meteoric stones either was not noticed or did not take place in this instance. The appearance of "condensed or petrified clay" is quite characteristic of these substances.

To maintain that these stones are formed in the atmosphere, we must first prove that the atmosphere contains the component parts—silex, iron, nickel, and magnesia.

In spite of our extensive knowledge of mineralogy, there has not been discovered on our globe any rock similar to these stones. If they have a volcanic origin, being all nearly similar in their component parts, we must suppose that they have been ejected from one particular volcano; but what must be the projectile force, to throw from it a stone either to Benares, in the East Indies, or to Yorkshire.

The ingenious Mr. Sowerby thinks we may find rocks in Britain similar to these stones; and that the electric fluid, attracted by the iron, might detach a fragment or fragments of the rock, and produce an explosion and flame. See British Mineralogy, No. 29.

Of the different explanations of the phenomenon, it appears to me the least improbable to suppose that these stones are thrown from a volcano in the moon; and there is a singular circumstance observed to precede the fall of a meteoric stone, that may be explained on this hypothesis. It has been remarked, that a body projected from the moon with a velocity about three times greater than that of a cannon-ball, would infallibly reach the earth. But the mountains of the moon appear, by observation, far higher than those on our earth; the force, therefore, might even be less than this assigned. Let us suppose a stone highly heated, thrown from a lunar volcano, reaches the attraction of the earth: after passing the moon's atmosphere, and 'till it reached that of the earth, it is difficult to imagine, according to the laws of heat, that it could cool. The upper stratum of our atmosphere is supposed to consist of hydrogen: the heated stone would pass through without firing it, as the hydrogen will not burn without oxygen; but where the

the hydrogen and atmospheric air unite and mingle, an explosion would take place, and the stone might acquire so much more heat as to become highly red-hot, and have the appearance of a fiery meteor. If the quantity of air and hydrogen exploded was greater on one side of the stone than on the opposite side, the stone might take an oblique direction in its fall. It will be considered unphilosophical to mention the moon's atmosphere! but if we admit that there are volcanoes in the moon, how can we reject an atmosphere? A volcano must originate from some elastic fluid, and an elastic fluid forms an atmosphere.

G. L.

P. S. The noble family of Glencairn has lately become extinct, and it is in vain to inquire if the stone be still preserved.

BENGAL TIGER *and* FEMALE WHELP.

A Circumstance deserving of the attention of naturalists, recently occurred at the menagerie, at Schonbrunn, near Vienna. The male Bengal tiger kept there is usually fed on butchers' meat; but being at times subject to an opthalmia, he is provided with young living animals, whose warm blood contributes to his cure. Being in this state, the female whelp of a butcher's dog was thrown into him; the tiger was then couched with his head resting on his fore feet. The whelp, recovering from her first alarm, approached, and began to lick his eyes, which was so agreeable to the tiger, that, forgetting his appetite for carnage, he not only spared the animal, but even testified his gratitude by caresses. The bitch, having entirely overcome her fears, continued to lick him, and in a few days, the tiger was cured. Since that time the two animals have lived in perfect friendship; before he touches his food, the tiger always waits 'till his companion has satisfied herself with the daintiest morsels. He puts up with every thing from her, and even when she bites him in play, he shews no resentment, but is continually caressing her.

COMMON DOCKS *in* PASTURE.

To the PRINTER,

Sir,

HAVING seen much useful information on various subjects in your valuable little book, I presume to solicit any of your correspondents to favour the public with the best method of destroying the common docks in pasture, or in meadow lands.

Your obedient servant,

Langport, 1806. 9 R. P. C.

RAMPART *in* ANSPACH.

A Thick rampart has been found in the margraviate of Anspach, which extends from the foot of the highest hills in the country to the Rhine; and is supposed to have been erected by the Romans, to prevent the incursions of the Germans.

CHARACTER *of the* DUKE *of* BRUNSWICK.

THE following character of this prince is extracted from the memoirs, furnished to the old court of France by Mirabeau, who was much at his table, and had many private conferences with him:—

"I have not time to give more than a sketch of the duke, such as he appears to me, who certainly will not be thought a common man, even among men of merit. His person bespeaks depth and penetration, a desire to please, tempered by fortitude, nay by severity. He is polite to affectation; speaks with precision, and with a degree of elegance; but he is somewhat too careful to speak thus, and the proper word sometimes escapes him. He understands the art of listening, and of interrogating, according to the very spirit of reply. Praise, gracefully embellished, and artfully concealed, he finds agreeable. He is prodigiously laborious, well informed, and perspicuous. However able his first minister, Feronce, may be, the duke superintends all affairs, and generally decides for himself."

After some observations upon the prosperous state of his finances, the memoir proceeds,

"His country is as free as it can be, and is happy and contented, except that the trading class regret the prodigality of his father. Not that the reigning duke is less sensible to elegant pleasures than another, but, severely observant of decency, and religiously faithful to his duty as a prince, he has perceived, that economy was his only resource.

"When he acts as a Prussian general, no one is so early, so active, so minute as himself. It is a mark of superior character and understanding, in my opinion, that the labour of the day can be less properly said to be sufficient for him, than he is for the labour of the day; his first ambition is that of executing it well. Intoxicated by military success, and universally pointed out as a great general (especially since the campaign of 1778, during which he all the winter maintained the feeble post of Troppau, to which the king of Prussia annexed a kind of vanity) he appears effectually to have quitted military glory, to betake himself to the cares of government. He is, in fine, a man of an uncommon stamp, but too wise to be formidable to the wise."

Answer, by W. Bickham, of Ashburton, to his own Rebus, inserted June 30.

FOUR months have elapsed since my rebus went round,
I remain full of doubt if the answer's yet found;
And as winter's begun, and Christmas draws near,
I hope that kind CHARITY soon will appear

Answer, by W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater, to W. Mann's Rebus, inserted the 22d of September.

SHOULD Bonaparte embark a numerous host,
And make a landing on Britannia's coast,
Each gallant VOLUNTEER would boldly go
To face the insolent, insidious foe;
Teach Gallia's sons that Britons will be free,
Or perish in defence of liberty.

☞ The like answers have been received from J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; P. Codd, and R. Gidley, of Dean Prior; J. S. and H. Stoneman, of Exeter; Sophia, of Modbury; J. Ryan, and Benjamin Belcher, of East Stonehouse; J. Matthews, of Dartmouth; J. Lewis, of Poole; J. Whitnell, of Ashcott; Rusticus, of Awliscombe; J. Woodman, junior of North Curry; J. Whittle, of Upway; W. D. of Bristol; Anna Dyer, of Manadon-house, near Plymouth; Adrianus; and J. Salter, of Broadhembury.

Answer, by J. Whittle, of Upway, to W. Mann's Anagram, inserted September 29.

BREDA's the town, thou bard of fame,
That by your lines I plainly name.

☞ We have received similar answers from W. D. of Bristol; Sophia, of Modbury; Rusticus, of Awliscombe; H. Stoneman, and J. S. of Exeter; M. P. M. of Marazion; J. Woodman, jun. of North Curry; Tyro, of Penzance; J. Whitnell, of Ashcott; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; Adrianus; Rhoda; and W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater.

A CHARADE, *by Sophia, of Modbury.*

PART of your mortal frame transpose,
'Tis then my first you will disclose;
And for my next that town display,
That doth far west from London lay:
Join these two parts together right,
A fish I've seen you'll bring to sight.

A REBUS, *by Rusticus, of Awliscombe.*

THE god of love you first must find,
Who represented is as blind;
An English bird that flies by night;
A foreign city bring to sight;
A martial animal inspect;
A fragrant flower you will select;
A Trojan prince you will explain;
The god that rules the briny main;
And last a city make appear
That is, I'm sure, in Devonshire:
Join the initials right, and you
A noble tar will bring to view.

Cochrane

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

DEATH.

END of this mortal sojourn, mighty death!
How many at thine altars daily bend!
Many, as soon as they draw mortal breath,
At once of earthly suff'rings find an end.

Thou art the guide to endless bliss or woe—
To Heav'n, if in this life we've acted right:
If wrong, to whence unbounded mis'ries flow,
The gloomy realms of everlasting night!

Mark the expression of that lovely face,
All glowing with an inexpressive grace
That angels with delight survey!
Lo! 'tis Serena, at the point to die—
To realms of never-ending bliss to fly,
And taste those holy joys that never fade away!

Trent. B. AYRES.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

The DANDY.

" AUNT BRIDGET," cries Lucy, " what doings are here?"
" Your pride, my young minx, I'll pull down;
" What gewgaws, long feathers, and other fine gear,
" The girl's mad, since I brought her to town!
" In Yorkshire I boasted her pride of the place,
" So modest, domestic, and handy!"
" Pshaw!—Betty, my mantle of new patent late,
" I swear now, dear aunt, 'tis the *dandy!*

" At the head of *bon ton*, all spirits and taste,
" *Tout le feu*, the rich jewels shall flash;
" With ringlets, bare arms, long train, and short waist,
" Oh! ye gods! I shall cut such a dash!
" Who waits there? My coach. Thomas, drive to the play—
" My footmen tall, smart, brisk, and handy.
" At balls, routes, and faro, turn night into day,
" Oh heavens! high life is the *dandy!*

" My Yorkshire bred lover no longer I'll prize,
" With fox-hounds and hares let him dash on;
" A clown's a bad mark for a pair of bright eyes,
" And constancy's quite out of fashion
" Lord Ogleby swears I a peeress shall shine,
" And th' essenc'd old beau is so handy;
" But the blossoms of May, with frost can't combine,
" December's, by no means, the *dandy*.

" Sir John melts in sighs, whilst Lord Minikin leers,
" And gallants in red coats flutter round;

The

" The title of countess would tickle my ears—
" But your grace! How my heart would rebound!
" With coronet blazing, and wedlock's defence,
" Fools, fribbles, and fops, how I'd bandy:
" But join'd to love, honour, good nature, and sense,
" Then conjugal life is the *dandy!*

Crewkerne.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

The ORPHAN BOY,

ON Egypt's shores my father fell,
And in the grave my mother lies;
She sunk beneath th' bitter news,
And sought her partner in the skies.
Bereft of hope, in misery lost,
Ne'er since have I partook of joy;
Without a single friend on earth,
I am a wretched, orphan boy.

I sought a shelter from distress,
And begg'd of man my life to save.
But few e'er felt the orphan's woe,
And few the stinted morsel gave.
I took me to the briny wave;
But all is pain, without alloy,
Our ship was lost—but Heav'n was good,
And sav'd the wretched orphan boy.

I've wander'd many a weary mile;
My wounded feet proclaim it true;
Still man's unkind—their hearts more hard,
More callous, Oh! ye flints, than you.
But gracious Heaven! to thee I call;
Oh! let me now thy smiles enjoy;
Support me, ere I sink in death,
Assist the wretched orphan boy.

This, Sir, is truth, indeed it is,
Then give my weary body rest;
You ope your door, thanks, thanks, good Sir;
The orphan boy may yet be bless'd;
At dawn of morn, at close of eve,
To give you aid shall be my joy.
Thank God! I've found a friend at last;
No more a wretched orphan boy.

A grateful tear bedews my cheek,
Hope binds my once afflicted heart;
And God will help the orphan boy
Discharge a faithful, honest part;
For you my prayers I'll offer up;
For you my ev'ry thought employ;
And he who reigns above will hear
The prayers of the orphan boy.

Camborne, Cornwall. J. B.

W O M A N.

WHETHER sunn'd in the tropics, or chill'd at the pole,
If woman be there—there is happiness too!